

PROLOGUE to ROMULUS,

Spoken by M^{RS.} BUTLER.

Written by Mrs. Behn.

HOW we shall please ye now I cannot say ;
But Sirs, 'Faith here is *News from Rome* to day ;
Yet know withal, we've no such *PACKETS* here,
As you read once a Week from Monkey *CARE*.
But 'stead of that Lewd Stuff (that clogs the Nation)
Plain Love and Honour, (tho quite out of Fashion ;)
Ours is a Virgin *ROME*, long, long, before
Pious *GENEVA* Rhetorick call'd her Whore ;
For be it known to their Eternal Shames,
Those Saints were always good at calling Names :
Of *Scarlet Whores* let'em their Wills devile,
But let'em raise no other *Scarlet Lies* ;
LIES that advance the *Good Old Cause*, and bring
Into Contempt the *PRELATES* with the *KING*.
Why shou'd the *Rebel Party* be affraid ?
They're *Ratts* and *Weazles* gnaw the *Lyon's* Beard,
And then in *IGNORAMUS* Holes they think,
Like other Vermin, to lie close, and stink.
What have ye got ye *Conscientious Knaves*,
With all your *Fancy'd Power*, and *Bully Braves* ?
With all your *standing to t* ; your *Zealous Furies* ;
Your *Lawless Tongues*, and *Arbitrary Juries* ?
Your *Burlesque Oaths*, when one *Green-Ribbon-Brother*
In Conscience will be *Perjur'd* for another ?
Your *PLOTS*, *Cabals* ; Your *Treats*, *Association*,
Ye shame, Ye very Nufance of the Nation ,
What have ye got but one poor Word ? Such *Tools*
Were *Knaves* before ; to which you've added *Fools*.
Now I dare swear, some of you *Whigsters* say,
Come on, now for a swinging TORY PLAY.
But, Noble *Whigs*, pray let not those *Fears* start ye,
Nor fright hence any of the *Sham Sheriffs Party* ;
For, if you'll take my censure of the story,
It is as harmless as e're came before ye,
And writ before the times of *Whig* and *Tory*.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE to the Same,

Spoken by the Lady SLINGSBY.

FAir Ladies, pity an unhappy Maid,
By Fortune, and by faithless Love betray'd.
Innocent once. — I scarce knew how to sin,
Till that unlucky Devil entring in,
Did all my Honour, all my Faith undo :
LOVE ! like *Ambition*, makes us Rebels too :
And of all Treasons, mine was most accurst ;
Rebelling 'gainst a KING and FATHER first.
A Sin, which Heav'n nor Man can e'er forgive ;
Nor could I *At* it with the face to live.
My Dagger did my Honours cause redress ;
But Oh ! my blushing Ghost must needs confess,
Had my young Charming Lover faithful been,
I fear I'd dy'd with unrepented Sin.
There's nothing can my Reputation save
With all the *True*, the *Loyal* and the *Brave* ;
Not my Remorse, or Death, can expiate
With them a Treason 'gainst the KING and State.
Some Love-sick Maid perhaps, now I am gone,
(Raging with Love, and by that Love undone,)
May form some little *Argument* for me,
T' excuse m' *Ingratitude* and *Treachery*.
Some of the Sparks too, that infect the *Pit*,
(Whose *Honesty* is equal to their *Wit*,
And think *Rebellion* but a petty *Crime*,
Can turn to all sides Int'rest does incline,)
May cry ' *I gad I think the Wench is wise* ;
' *Had it prov'd Lucky, 'twas the way to rise*.
' *She had a Roman Spirit, that disdains*
' *Dull Loyalty, and the Yoke of Sovereigns*.
' *A Pox of Fathers, and Reproach to come* ;
' *She was the first and Noblest Whig of Rome*.
But may that Ghost in quiet never rest,
Who thinks it self with Traytors Praises blest.